FROM STATES PRISON TO—MR. YERKES—A MILLIONAIRE'S PALACE.

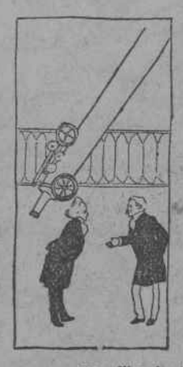
BY WINIFRED BLACK.

Chap. I. & II.
Young Yerkes begins life as an office boy and rapidly rises to be cashier of a bank.

Chap. III.
Yerkes becomes a thief, is convicted, and serves a term as a convict in States Prison.

Chap. IV.
He goes West and starts life again as a ranchman, makes money, and goes into street railroad speculation.

Chap. V.
Now, very wealthy, he turns his mind to science and builds the Yerkes Observatory and the big telescope.



Chap. VI.
Being discredited in Chicago, he comes to New York, builds a Fifth avenue palace and seeks social success here.

Chap. VII.
Last week his bold street railroad grab was defeated in Chicago and his Boodle Aldermen were threatened with lynching.

THIS is the story of a man who would be king. He began as an office boy, worked his determined way up to great wealth, went to State Prison, came out a pauper and made a fabulous fortune a dozen times greater than the one he had lost.

Two years ago he started to build a palace to live in here in New York.

It has cost him $2,000,000 in cold, hard cash, and it is not half done yet.

He is a patron of the arts and sciences.

He has the biggest private art gallery in America, and he built and gave to his city the finest observatory in the world.

To-day he is worth millions of dollars—and he is threatened with a hempen noose dangled before his eyes by the clutching fingers of a maddened mob.

His name is Yerkes—Charles T. Yerkes—and this is the plain, unvarnished story of his life:

CHAPTER I.

Charles T. Yerkes was born in Philadelphia in 1837. He was the son of a quiet member of the Society of Friends—and his mother taught him that great wealth and all display thereof were as dead sea fruit in the eyes of the truly righteous.

He went to a little Quaker school—and wore a little gray Quaker round-about, and said thee and thou and sat in the straight-backed pews in the meeting-house and kicked his stubborn little heels against the carved wall and thought of many things which had little relation to the Seventh-Day's teachings.

It is rumored that little Charles Yerkes used to foregather with his fellows in the churchyard and match knives, while the elders talked of discipline and rulings.

No boy who went to school with him ever got a better knife from Charles Yerkes than the one he gave him in exchange for it.

He was always talking about bargains and thrift, and while he was yet a mere boy he went to work as office boy in a staid old flour and grain commission house. He swept out the offices, and he kept the place neat. He worked for nothing. At the end of the year his employers called him into the bare little counting room and gave him a little leathern bag, with a few words of commendation and a set speech of thanks for faithful service. Charles Yerkes tells the story of that day to this day.

He went out into the street with his head buzzing. When he was quite alone he peeped into the little leathern bag and found therein fifty dollars in round, gold coins.

He says that no fortune will ever seem so great to him as did that little heap of gold coins. He lay awake all night planning first to buy a horse and wagon and turn pedler, and then to buy a bit of land and turn farmer. He ended by keeping the gold exactly as it was and going to work for another year.

CHAPTER II.

When he was twenty-one years old an uncle died, and left him a little money.

He took it, and the little heap of gold of his own earnings, and opened a stock broker's office on Third street. Before he was three years older he bought an interest in a thriving little conservative bank. Then the war broke out.

Mr. Yerkes did not go to the war.

He stayed at home and lent money to those who did.

City bonds went down.

The city's charter said that the city could sell no bonds below par. When they went down the city could pay no bounties to soldiers, and could do nothing toward city improvements.

Mr. Yerkes engineered a scheme by which city bonds rose from 85 cents to par.

He became a sort of financial agent for the city of Philadelphia.

He grew very rich. He was considered a safe, cautious and conservative man, and he handled millions of dollars for the city.

In one year he sold bonds to the extent of $11,000,000.

He seemed to have the hand of Midas. Everything he touched turned to gold.

He grew bold. He risked large sums of money and laughed at the idea of danger.

CHAPTER III.

One day he risked too much.

The fire leaped up in the night, in Chicago, and left in the morning a black heap of smoking ashes.

In those ashes were buried many fortunes. Yerkes fortune went out with the flames. In the general panic which followed the fire he found that he could not meet his liabilities. He was forced to the wall.

With his own money went the city's money. He awoke one fine day to find himself staring the ugly charge of forgery straight in the face. His luck deserted him.

All Philadelphia rose up and howled for justice. Men who had crawled into his presence for a ray of the sunshine of prosperity jeered at him for a heedless fool.

Some, not so charitable as these, called him openly by a name less pleasing in the ears of honest men than that same name of fool. He was hurried to trial.

His pretty little wife sat beside him in the crowded court room. She was the only faithful friend he had. The jury found him guilty. He was sentenced to two years and nine months in prison.

He stood up and received his sentence with that sphynx- like composure which nothing has ever been able to shake. He went to the penitentiary and stayed there for seven months.

The records show that he was a most exemplary prisoner. His devoted little wife took rooms near the prison and ran over to see him as often as the warden would let her in.

When the warden would not let her in, she walked up and down, up and down, up and down, in front of the dark prison as if she were keeping a tryst there, a tryst of love and trust and deathless fidelity.

At the end of the seven months Mr. Yerkes was pardoned. Public opinion had cooled down and the application for his pardon was signed by 150 members of the Philadelphia Bar.

He had scarcely changed from his suit of stripes before he demanded a public trial for other charges which were being generally made against him. He was tried for these things, and acquitted. The Philadelphia City Council passed an ordinance in 1873 relieving him from all claims of indebtedness.

CHAPTER IV.

As soon as that trial was over and that ordinance was passed, Mr. Yerkes shook the dust of his native city from his feet, turned his face to the setting sun and disappeared. He did not take the faithful wife who had been his best friend, with him. He did not even bid her goodby.

It is said that her gentle heart broke when she finally was compelled to believe that her husband had deserted her.

Mr. Yerkes went West to grow up with the country. He was poor, but he had plenty of courage and a perfectly inexhaustible supply of fertile schemes with which to compel the fickle jade Fortune to smile upon him.

He went to Dakota and to Wyoming and to Minnesota. Always he was quiet, always he was alert, always he was scheming, scheming, scheming. One day he was snowed up in a Dakota railroad hotel. He sat by the stove and smoked a comforting pipe with the natives, who talked among themselves of lands and grants.

Mr. Yerkes ploughed his careful way to the car, which was gradually melting its way through the drifts, took up his valise and walked into Dakota a free and independent pilgrim looking for land and finding it.

The land which he found turned out well. So well that in seven short years he appeared in Fargo and offered to buy up most of the town for franchises of one sort or another.

Mr. Yerkes was not popular in Fargo, but he made money there, as he makes money everywhere.

When he had made about all the money there was to make in Fargo he went to Chicago. He opened an office in the Board of Trade. He took an interest in gas, then he took an interest in herdics, and then he took an interest in street cars.

Just exactly fifteen years from the time he left the penitentiary he owned a controlling interest in the great street railways of Chicago, a city which is webbed with railways as a rose bush is spread with the spinning of the spider on a dewy morning in early June.

He built new roads and operated them, and all the city spent its matutinal breath in one long, pensive moan, over the discomforts of the roads and the fortune the man who planned these discomforts was making.

The money rolled to Mr. Yerkes's door, and there was a tradition among the envious that the cook at the Yerkes household lighted the furnace with $1,000 bills every morning.

He ran down to Philadelphia, looked up the woman who had mourned for him all these years, gave her a comfortable sum of money, and went back to Chicago, where he met a beautiful blond woman lately arrived from the far West, from which he had so recently come.

His wife obliged him with a divorce, and he married the blond woman, who has a very pretty taste in diamonds and a decided leaning for the pretty things that grow in the Paris dress shops.

She had all the pretty things she wanted to buy, for there was no disputing the fact that Mr. Charles T. Yerkes had so many millions that he really did not know quite what to do.

CHAPTER V.

She turned to art. She built a great gallery, and he sent agents abroad buying pictures. Every dealer in America heard of the new millionaire and his art fad, and Chicago was soon humming with stories of the magnificent antiques and the fine old masters which were arriving in Chicago, C. O. D., by every limited express. When he had made a really fine collection Mr. Yerkes left art for a while and turned his extremely assimilative mind to science.

He built and equipped the Yerkes Observatory, said observatory being the most perfectly equipped and the biggest astronomical observatory in the world.

Students flocked to Chicago from all over the globe. They wanted to study the stars through the big Yerkes glass, and Mr. Yerkes let them study and was at peace.

Then he began to take an active interest in charities. He gave large amounts to various charitable institutions. He donated large sums to hospitals, and he was especially generous in his gifts to free kindergartens.

Then he bought a shady bit of ground on the shore of Lake Michigan, a little to the north of Chicago, and built thereon a large and commodious home for poor boys.

In this home a boy is well fed and well cared for, and he learns besides the trade of his choice. Despite all these works of good, Chicago people did not learn to love Mr. Yerkes.

The papers called him names. One paper, a little sheet of ill repute, put in type an article reflecting somewhat upon Mr. Yerkes's family. The editor of the paper, who is now lounging in jail for the crime of blackmail, went to Mr. Yerkes, as he had been to many Chicago millionaires. "Mr. Yerkes," he said, "here's an article which I am going to print to-morrow. It will cost one thousand dollars to leave it out. Of course if you see fit"—

"Sit down, young man," said Mr. Yerkes. The young man sat down.

Mr. Yerkes put his hand into an adjacent drawer and drew out a business-like looking revolver. Then he took the proof of the article from the young man's hand and read it carefully. When he was quite through he smiled affably. "Quite so," he said. "Now you go right ahead with your little paper, young man. I wouldn't interfere with you for the world. But the day that article appears I am going to kill you. Good morning." The article never appeared.

CHAPTER VI.

Other articles of a different character, but not exactly stimulating to the vanity of social ambition, did appear in different papers, and Mr. Yerkes made up his mind to come East, where the wicked man who knows would cease from troubling—and go into society.

So he came to New York.

His name was put at the Metropolitan Club on a ten-day card as a guest by one of the members. The Board of Governors did not accept the card. They compelled the member who had presented the card to withdraw it instantly, and gave him the alternative of leaving the club or apologizing.

The members of the Board of Governors gave as their reason for the peremptory action of the board the technical rule that only non-residents are eligible to guest cards. Mr. Yerkes, they said, was a resident of New York, and therefore ineligible as a guest.

The member who gave him the card apologized, and the affair blew over after a tempest of something very like indignation.

Then Mr. Yerkes bought a house, tore it down, and built it all over again.

The house stands at Sixty-eighth street and Fifth avenue.

It is one of the three most magnificent private houses in the world.

The steps leading to the entrance cost $12,000. The bath room, built of solid onyx, cost $80,000. The great feature of the house, aside from its splendid art gallery, is the great inner court of pure Florentine marble, which extends to the roof. The hall is made in imitation of the old Roman villas, and lined with marble couches, strewn with gorgeous pillows and magnificent draperies. The great ballroom is the finest in America, and Mrs. Yerkes's apartments are dreams of splendor which a queen might envy.

The fine house was ready for occupancy a year ago, but the Yerkeses are not yet in society.

Blond, plump, pretty little Mrs. Yerkes, the second, wears the smartest of smart frocks, which say "made in Paris" at every rustle.

She drives a fine turn-out, and she has all the latest fads in the way of eccentric pets, but her name has not yet appeared in the "among those present" list of the smart set's affairs.

CHAPTER VII.

Just at this moment Mr. Yerkes is living through the most exciting chapter of his not uneventful life.

He is trying to buy Chicago for a song, and Chicago is protesting against being sold.

The Chicago Aldermen have listened lovingly to the tales of the $1,000,000 "divvy" that was sure to come if the Allen bill giving Mr. Yerkes and his railroads the franchise for fifty years went through.

The voters who elected the Aldermen are not so enamoured of the fifty-year franchise.

They say that Mr. Yerkes owns a good deal more of Chicago now than is good for Chicago, and they do not see why the people should sell a franchise which is worth $30,000,000 if it is worth one penny for a paltry $1,000,000—particularly as no one but the Aldermen aforesaid will see any of the money.

So the citizens are holding mass meetings, large and enthusiastic mass-meetings. The Mayor of the city is leading them, and ex-Governor Altgeld is making speeches. And around and about and with and by all these meetings and speeches, there was an undertone like the accompaniment to a song.

It is a strange undertone to be heard at this day and date of civilization, for it runs in this wise: "Hang them! Hang every man who votes for the Yerkes fifty-year franchise! Hang them higher than Haman!" And the loyal citizen of Chicago is going about his business with a neat little coil of rope in the buttonhole of his coat as a sign and a signal of his intentions toward his own particular Alderman in case that Alderman votes for the Yerkes franchise.

And Mr. Yerkes finds it very convenient to keep out of the streets of Chicago to-day.

The man who would be king is king indeed—money king—but there before his eyes dangles, at this very moment, a twitching coil of rope.

And this story is not finished yet.

Charles T. Yerkes---Portrait by Van Beers.

Queer Ways Women Are Making a Living.

THE end-of-the-century woman has found a foothold in so many occupations hitherto monopolized by man that she is now so numerous in the workaday world as to require an encyclopedia to locate her statistically and definitely. Such a volume has now appeared in England, and it furnishes us with an exhaustive summary of the wages, hours of work and qualifications of women in their multifarious callings. As a contribution to the labor problem it affords vast information to the sociologist and student of affairs generally.

It is startling to learn, for instance, that in England 80,000 women, presumably more or less pretty, are making a living as barmaids. They have long hours and little pay.

As a sharp contrast, we learn that a successful novel writer may get $90,000 for a book, while the average income is $500. A popular actress can earn $500 a week; a great actress a vast deal more.

Among the unique occupations are those of women "engaged to walk out with pet dogs" at 2s. 6d. an hour; who tend the fires of East End Jews on the Sabbath at a fee of 2d. per family; who are engaged at the British Museum in setting and labelling insects; who are lighthouse keepers or phrenologists; who are wig makers or watchers by the dead, or teachers of the feeble-minded.

Then there are women whose daily work consists in leaving the cards of fashionable women on other fashionable women, who are always sure to be "not at home," for which the card leaver receives a dollar a day and expenses. There are doorstep cleaners, who clean at a cent a step; women who wake up sleepy factory hands promptly at a given hour, wood choppers, bill posters, sandwich girls and costers.

There is another class of workers who keep bees or poultry, breed Shetland ponies, cats and dogs, run tea rooms and bicycle rests or perform the duties of table decorators, house furnishers or church wardens. Then there is the girl caddie, who chases the golf ball and locates it as a rule far better than the average boy, who is usually too lazy. England has one woman butcher.

All in all, it is an instructive book, and proves that the world owes every woman a living, as well as every man.

HOW TO EDUCATE YOUR BABY.

A New Method of Study Directly from Objects of Nature Instead of Books, Proposed by a Father Who Practises the Scheme on His Own Children.

IS modern education all wrong?

This broad indictment of the reigning system is contained in a volume on "New Methods in Education," by J. Liberty Tadd, just published by the Orange Judd Company. Professor Tadd says that most of the child's time and strength is wasted through the use of faulty methods in the public schools.

He wants more real nature-study from the objects themselves and less bending over books to get a second-hand knowledge of the world we live in. Here is the gist of his ideas:

The first tools to be used and trained are the mind, the eyes and the hands. The pupils should be taught drawing, designing, clay modeling and wood carving by the natural methods at the same time, and in connection with their other studies.

Drawing is generally considered a mere accomplishment, a subsidiary branch of education. But in fact it ought to be and is the principal important course speaking a universal tongue. It compels observation, reflection, perception and conception.

In the beginning nothing is more important than to make the various senses alert and bright by constant and systematic use. The perceptive faculties should be made accurate, the memory correct, the thinking and the willing powers strong and true by direct use on things. Mental structure, thought fabric, must be made by children coming in contact first hand with things, receiving and assimilating all the possible sense impressions and making all the possible movements and reactions.

No mere memorizing of printed words, no juggling with figures, no listening to a series of disconnected facts will take the place of organic impressions permanently registered and systematized.

This can best be done by means of the various modes of expression when the hand, the eye and the mind are continuously and pleasurably storing up facts and making the required movements. The most perfect lessons can be received from the most common and simple things. The idle curiosity of untrained children is the starting point for the good teacher. This curiosity must be cherished, intensified and stimulated until the habit of complete and willing attention is formed.

Drawing means nothing but thought expression and power to express ideas of all forms on surface and in things. It must not be mere feeble imitations of conventional forms bit by bit, dot by dot, but must represent the vital union of thought and action expressed through the hand.

No one can see how newspapers and books are changing with their endless pictures and illustrations; no one can see the improvements and means of getting better pictures in all directions without realizing that this must have a great influence in the education on those to come. Some of the papers and magazines to-day are real works of art. They are continually pouring out on the multitude streams of visual information that must have an influence. The schools are bound to keep in line with these things. The old methods have to change and the teachers, too.

Professor Tadd points to the results of his work as the very proofs of its value. He shows pictures of the smallest tots from the kindergarten drawing straight lines, circles, spirals and loops free hand on the blackboard just as naturally and easily as they walk and talk.

By bringing children in touch with the interesting things of every day education is made a pleasure, not a task. The Professor has his pupils draw the commonest animals in motion, chickens, dogs, cats, birds and fish, making them express naturally and easily precisely what they see. This too leaves the children to be interested in the studies of zoology, botany and the other sciences, and as they model the fruits or berries we can easily imagine the delight of the fingers in reproducing those things so sweet to the lips.

It has been found necessary in Philadelphia to institute Summer schools where children and teachers may go out into the fields and draw the things they see there, learning from the lips of their teachers all the facts relating to them.

The mental training which should be given is that which develops the individual as follows:

1. The art of building ideas by using the most of the channels of impression and most of the means of impression.
2. Accurate perspective powers.
3. Facility of expression, not only in writing and verbally, but in a variety of ways through the hands.
4. The strengthening of thought fabric and mind structure and capacity to use the same.
5. Most skill in the shortest space of time.
6. Fitness for the greatest number of pursuits.

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The Best Way to Learn All About Fishes.

(Copyrigh[illegible]y the Orange Judd Co.)
How to Teach a [illegible] About Birds and Animals.